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## HORACE ON THE HIGH SEAS<sup>1</sup>

'Me, friend of your founts and dances, neither the rout of the armies at Philippi blotted out, nor the accursed tree, nor Palinurus with waves from Sicily'.

So sang the Roman poet Horace<sup>2</sup>, recounting to the Muses the main deadly perils to which he had been exposed.

We are familiar with his participation in the campaign ending at Philippi, and in three other Odes we are told of the tree which fell and narrowly missed cracking its master's pate<sup>3</sup>. But what of the shipwreck? When and where did it take place? Is there an incident here in his life which can with some probability be restored and assigned to its due place in his biography?

At any rate, Horace at some time or other did some traveling by sea. In a somewhat melancholy mood, when he (quite wrongly) thought that he was destined soon to go down whither Numa and Ancus had already gone<sup>4</sup>, he expressed the wish that lovely Tivoli might be the seat of his old age, the goal for him, wearied as he was with voyaging and journeying and soldiering<sup>5</sup>. Yet if we search the records of his life, full as they are comparatively for a man of purely literary activities, we find that we can identify his voyages only by inference.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia, where Apulia throws a little wedge between Campania and Lucania<sup>6</sup>, and there he spent his childhood until his father, an honest freedman, became dissatisfied with the local School and preferred to have his son flogged by a better teacher in better surroundings<sup>7</sup>. The trip to Rome was doubtless made by land, over the Via Appia or perhaps in part by the Via Latina. We next hear of Quintus in Athens, where he was to learn to seek the truth and to get the desire to separate the straight from the crooked<sup>8</sup>, jesting phrases by which he designates the precepts of philosophy. On the way to Athens he must have had his first sea-voyage; he certainly crossed the Adriatic by ship. Was it the short and direct crossing from Brundisium to Dyrrhachium, or did he take a longer course, from Ostia to the Piraeus? We cannot say; but we can infer that he took the shorter one, if it was possible. Sea-travel was in those days fully as

unsafe from storms as it was unsafe in the days—just past—of mines and submarines.

After a year or two amidst the groves of Academus, Horace entered a brief military career in the army of Brutus and Cassius, where—*mirabile dictu*—he was made a tribune of the soldiers, quasi-colonel of a regiment. It is supposed that during his service he visited some of the islands of the Aegean and certain cities of the nearby Asiatic coast, but of this there is no direct evidence. If the supposition be valid, then Horace made some voyages in these waters; but we must leave this aside as quite uncertain.

The defeat at Philippi left our hero in the position of an outlawed rebel, defeated and fugitive; yet we next find him in Rome as a clerk in the treasury department, writing verse in his spare time<sup>9</sup>. Obviously he took advantage of the amnesty granted by Octavian, and returned under its protection; and on the way back to Rome he must again have voyaged across the Adriatic. It was, I think, an unpleasant experience.

Horace, you know, did like the country. His little Sabine farm<sup>10</sup> is ever rousing his enthusiastic praise: but he had no joy in buffeting the elements, even on land. He would not have braved the gusts of wind and the swirl of rain on a hike from Rome to Tivoli or to his farm. He never climbed Soracte through the snowdrifts. No, no! on such a day a rousing fire upon the hearth would warm his outer man, and a jar marked with the label of a good old brand would pour out wine to warm his inner man<sup>11</sup>. A river-flood one might usually avoid, so that, while it was unpleasant, it did not excite in Horace a positive repulsion of disgust and panic fear<sup>12</sup>; there was to him something of majesty and splendor in the roaring of the Aufidus, his boyhood's familiar stream<sup>13</sup>.

The milder aspects of the water-deities delighted him. The Bandusian Fount, gushing out under an overhanging ilex-tree, and prattling down the rocks into the glassy pool beneath, has immortalized its poet, even as he has made it a joy forever<sup>14</sup>; and, where a brook rippled beneath the trees, he was wont to stretch himself out in the shade upon the turf after dining and doze in dreamy contentment<sup>15</sup>.

But, when Horace went to the seaside in the winter, to escape the rigors of his farm in the mountains and

<sup>1</sup>This paper was read at the Thirteenth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, at Haverford College, April 4, 1919.

<sup>2</sup>Carm. 3.4.25-28. The translations here presented are frequently mere paraphrases, intended to bring out the point for which they are quoted. A series of citations is often meant to be illustrative rather than exhaustive.

<sup>3</sup>Carm. 2.13, 2.17.27-32, 3.8.1-16.

<sup>4</sup>Epp. 1.6.27.

<sup>5</sup>Carm. 2.6.5-8.

<sup>6</sup>Serm. 2.1.35-39.

<sup>7</sup>Serm. 1.6.71-78. Compare Epp. 2.1.70-71.

<sup>8</sup>Epp. 2.2.41-45.

<sup>9</sup>Epp. 2.2.49-52.

<sup>10</sup>Epp. 1.16.1-16; etc.

<sup>11</sup>Carm. 1.9; Epod. 13; Serm. 2.3.10, 2.6.25-26.

<sup>12</sup>Carm. 1.2.13-20, 1.31.7-8, 3.29.33-41, 4.2.5-8, 4.14.25-28; Serm. 1.1.54-60, 1.10.62, 2.3.242.

<sup>13</sup>Carm. 3.30.10-14, 4.9.1-4, 4.14.25-28; Serm. 1.1.54-60.

<sup>14</sup>Carm. 3.13.

<sup>15</sup>Carm. 1.1.18-22, 1.26.6-8, 2.3.6-12, 3.11.13-20; Epp. 1.10.20-21, 1.14.35.

the discomforts of Rome, where fuel for heating was expensive, he went there not to walk in the brisk invigorating air, nor to enjoy the view out over the blue waters, nor to watch the breakers dash upon the shore in times of storm, but to curl up in a sunny nook and read<sup>16</sup>. So his queries to a friend upon the relative merits of the seaside resorts, Velia and Salernum, were about the weather and the people, the condition of the roads leading to the places, the local wine and water, the meats, the fish, and the shellfish<sup>17</sup>. The loveliest place in all Italy, to Horace's eyes, next to Tivoli with its streams and groves and orchards<sup>18</sup>, was Tarentum, which had the merits of a long spring season and a warm winter, and splendid honey, olives, and wine, rivaling the best products of Italy and Greece<sup>19</sup>; he says nothing of its lovely outlook over the Mediterranean.

Sea-bathing and swimming seem foreign to Horace's mode of thought; perhaps they were at best the ultimate resource in case of shipwreck. As an exercise, swimming was an art to be cultivated in a nice river or bathing-establishment, and there it was really commendable, like hunting and the practice of warlike weapons, sports honorable for true Romans<sup>20</sup>.

But the sea itself was to Horace, as well as to the ancients in general, a source of dread<sup>21</sup>. Though it did not always rage, and the bright constellation of Castor and Pollux might bring good weather after the storm, still it was treacherous, with winds that changed and waves that rose unexpectedly, tossing and battering the ships, and wrecking them in mid-sea or on rocky shores, where the wretched sailors were dashed to their death<sup>22</sup>.

It is true that some of the passages bear the earmarks of conventionality.

'About his chest were oak and triple mail of bronze who first dared trust to the savage sea his fragile bark. . . . 'Twas all in vain that God with forethought tore apart the lands with the separative Ocean, if, none the less, defiant craft bound o'er the inviolable sea. Bold to endure all toils, mankind doth rush straight on to do forbidden sacrilege<sup>23</sup>.

The whole passage is obviously taken from the Greek; so also, though to a slighter degree, the Ode to the Ship of State<sup>24</sup>, wherein Horace expresses his anxieties for Rome when civil war between Octavian and Antony was threatening.

But much of the dread of the sea is with Horace no mere conventionality; it is a real feeling, though the demonstration of this is obtainable only by living one's own self into the works of our poet, until one can feel with him what he intended to convey. Again and again Horace expresses his contentment with an obscure lot, devoid of the luxuries which the wealthy traders

may obtain, who set out with their well-stocked ships in early spring, before the weather is settled, determined to have the first and most profitable business on the shores of the Euxine, or to go to India or to the Atlantic, even thrice or four times in a single year, returning unscathed perhaps, but tossed by storms; or, if they lose their ships, they forthwith provide themselves another and set out again to repair their shattered fortunes—no hardships, no dangers keep them from the pursuit of wealth<sup>25</sup>. Then, in winter, the sea was closed to navigation, and the trader homeward bound might be obliged to lie over in a foreign port, while his mother pined away or his sweetheart forgot him<sup>26</sup>. The fisherman, too, who sweeps up the fishes from the wintry sea, is another daring individual in Horace's eyes<sup>27</sup>.

We find in Horace's writings no sense of the power of man to overcome the elements. He might himself sail safe only if he admitted to his craft no sinful comrade, and had besides the protection of the Muses or of Castor and his twin<sup>28</sup>. Fervent prayers come from his lips when a dear friend such as Vergil is about to make a voyage, and equally fervent wishes for a wreck when one whom he dislikes sets sail<sup>29</sup>. He portrays the heroic Teucer, leaving Salamis, as bidding his comrades make merry to-day, for on the morrow they were again to test the mighty sea; no more than this dared he say, though sustained by Apollo's prophecy of a happy issue of his wanderings<sup>30</sup>. The waves dash upon the shore, and eat away the rocks<sup>31</sup>; the pleasure which one gets in viewing the billows from the land lies in the reflexion that one is in fact safe on the land<sup>32</sup>. Those millionaires who drive out stone dikes into the water as foundations for their villas are patently overstepping the restrictions divinely set<sup>33</sup>. On the sea, all men are equal: the poor man in his hired skiff and the rich man in his private yacht become equally seasick<sup>34</sup>.

So, after all, in Horace's eyes, water was not a very desirable and attractive article, except as a dilutant for his wine<sup>35</sup>:

'The god has made all undertakings hard for water-drinkers, and only through wine do biting worries flee away. Who, when he's drained the cups, then prates of the heavy toils of war, or of narrowness of means<sup>36</sup>?

And if our poet fussed about the quality of the water at Forum Appii on his journey to Brundisium, or about its scantiness at the place whose name would not go into hexameter verse, and at Canusium<sup>37</sup>, it was not because he wished to drink it straight. Still, he did at one time get profit from a cold-water régime when he was ill; but this treatment was external<sup>38</sup>.

Now, after this excursus upon Horace's dislike for water, let us return to the theme of a possible shipwreck

<sup>16</sup>Epp. 1.7.10-13. Compare 1.20.24.

<sup>17</sup>Epp. 1.15.1-25.

<sup>18</sup>Carm. 1.7.10-14, 2.6.5-8, 4.3.10-12.

<sup>19</sup>Carm. 2.6.9-24.

<sup>20</sup>Carm. 1.1.23-28, 1.8.2-12; Serm. 2.1.7-9, 2.2.9-15; Epp. 1.6.56-61, 1.18.44-57, 2.3.161-162.

<sup>21</sup>Catullus's feeling for the sea was very different from Horace's; but we cannot discuss this subject here.

<sup>22</sup>Carm. 1.3.9-26, 1.5.5-12, 1.7.15-17, 1.12.27-32, 1.16.10, 1.22.5, 1.32.7-8, 2.6.3-4, 2.9.1-4, 2.10.1-4, 2.3-24, 3.3.37-39, 4.4.43-44, Epod. 15.7-8, 17.54-55.

<sup>23</sup>Carm. 1.3.9-26. Compare Epod. 16.57-60.

<sup>24</sup>Carm. 1.14.

<sup>25</sup>Carm. 1.1.11-18, 1.31.9-15, 2.13.14-16, 2.16.1-4, 3.1.25-28, 3.24.36-41; Serm. 1.1.6, 2.9-30, 38-40; Epp. 1.1.45-48, 1.6.31-35, 1.16.71.

<sup>26</sup>Carm. 3.7.1-8, 4.5.9-16.

<sup>27</sup>Serm. 2.2.16-17, 2.3.23-25.

<sup>28</sup>Carm. 3.2.24-32, 3.4.29-31, 3.29.57-64. Compare Carm. 4.5.19; C. S. 39-44; Epod. 16.17-22.

<sup>29</sup>Carm. 1.3.1-8, 3.27.1-24; Epod. 10.

<sup>30</sup>Carm. 1.7.21-32.

<sup>31</sup>Carm. 1.11.4-6, 2.18.20-22, 3.17.9-12.

<sup>32</sup>Epp. 1.11.6-10.

<sup>33</sup>Carm. 2.18.20-22, 3.1.33-37, 3.24.1-4.

<sup>34</sup>Epp. 1.1.91-93.

<sup>35</sup>Carm. 2.11.18-20.

<sup>36</sup>Carm. 1.18.3-5.

<sup>37</sup>Serm. 1.5.7-8, 87-92.

<sup>38</sup>Epp. 1.15.1-9.

in which he participated. I would first call your attention to that twenty-eighth Ode of the first book, which so many editors divide, quite wrongly, into two poems. The poet apostrophizes Archytas, the philosopher and scientist of Tarentum, saying that even he lies dead and buried, as do other great worthies of the past, some highly favored by the gods.

'Though the soul escapes death, still one dark night awaits all, and all must once tread the way of death. Some the Furies give as a show to savage Mars, and others, voyaging, fall victims to the greedy sea; the burials of old and young crowd thick one on the other, stern Prosperina lets none escape. Me as well did Notus, setting Orion's swift companion, overwhelm in Illyrian waters. But do thou, sailor passing by, begrudge not churlishly to give a handful of the shifting sand to my unburied corpse; do this, I beg, and then, whate'er the threats that Eurus make against the Hesperian waves, I pray that thou be safe howe'er Venusia's woods be lashed, and that much precious merchandise become thine own from those from whom it can, from kindly Jove and from Neptune, holy Tarentum's guardian. Dost fail to see that if thou pass me by thou doest a wrong that will one day recoil upon thy children's guiltless heads? And e'en perchance due penalty and overwhelming retribution may lie in wait for thee thyself; if I be left unheeded, then my imprecations on thee will not fail of answer, and no atonement offerings will set thee free. Though thou be hastening, 'twill not detain thee long; thrice cast the dust upon me, then speed on!'

I would now attempt to interpret the setting of this Ode, as I see it. Horace represents himself as shipwrecked, and his lifeless body cast upon the shore. His spirit bewails the inevitability of death, addressing Archytas, whose tomb was not far distant from the place; then, just as he speaks explicitly of his own fate, he sees a mariner sailing along by the shore, and appeals to him to cast upon the body the three handfuls of earth which constituted formal burial, adding prayers of gratitude in anticipation of the favor, then changing to despairing hints of retribution and of curses as the boat passes by without stopping. Now as for the location: the *litus Matinum*<sup>39</sup> where, according to Horace, Archytas lay buried, is the shore near Matinus, a spur of Garganus, that peculiar projection on the East coast of Italy. The Illyrian waters<sup>40</sup> which overwhelmed him are those of the Adriatic. The Hesperian waves<sup>41</sup> are those on the Italian coast. The allusion to the woods of Venusia<sup>42</sup> is especially appropriate if the drowned seafarer is Horace himself. Tarentum<sup>43</sup> is thought of since it was the home of Archytas. The scene therefore of the disaster is not far from Matinus on the South side of the Garganus peninsula.

It is to be noted in support of this that Horace nowhere else (save once) uses the first person pronoun of any other than himself, unless quotation of another's words is explicitly indicated, or the poem is cast in *di aogue* form<sup>44</sup>; the one exception is the *Carmen Saeculare*, and there the reason is obvious. At times,

it is true, Horace puts himself in a fictitious position and speaks in that character; but this only justifies us still further in regarding the drowned seafarer, the *me quoque* of *Carmina* 1.28, as being in reality Horace himself.

Of course, it might be urged that Horace would not have represented himself as dead, since that representation would be an ill-omened one, likely to bring about a realization of the fancied scene. But, whatever superstitious prejudices the ancients had along these lines—and they undoubtedly had them—, Horace does elsewhere speak of himself in a similar strain. Two such passages may here be quoted. After singing of the beauties of Tarentum, he says to his friend,

'That place and its happy hills call thee, and me; there wilt thou with due tear besprinkle the yet warm ashes of thy poet friend'<sup>45</sup>.

He has here a vision of his body already burned upon the pyre: surely ill-omened enough. And again he says, 'The tree that toppled on my skull had swept me off, unless . . .'<sup>46</sup>, but he used the indicative, representing the fatality as actual, before he introduced the mitigating *nisi*. The evil omen of the picture in *Carmina* 1.28 can hardly be advanced as telling against my interpretation.

There is a little difficulty in the mention of the special winds Notus<sup>47</sup> and Eurus<sup>48</sup>. It is Notus which destroyed the voyager; and Notus was a South wind. A ship in the Adriatic, if caught by Notus, would normally be driven upon the rugged coast of Illyria; but as that was made up mainly of mountains descending precipitously to the water's edge, any captain driven before the wind would strive to work his way westward, toward Italy, though the Italian coast also was deficient in good harbors. Now the mention of Eurus, the Southeast wind, suggests that Notus may not have been the only agent in the wreck, but that Eurus followed by Notus, or Notus followed by Eurus, may have caused the damage. Yet we cannot expect the poet to employ scientific accuracy in naming the winds which caused the wreck; all that we can expect is that he should name a storm wind.

I wish therefore to make the conjecture that Horace, on his return voyage from Greece after the battle of Philippi and the amnesty of Octavian, was wrecked in the neighborhood of the Garganus peninsula, and narrowly escaped with his life. His emotions on the occasion, when he was expecting every moment to be drowned, he afterwards garbed in this poetic form. Now perhaps—or shall I say surely?—this is a bold thesis to set up. Can it be supported by other evidence?

It might be observed that of Horace's three narrow escapes from death, that from the falling tree is mentioned only four times<sup>49</sup>, and his part in the battle of Philippi not so frequently as one might imagine. This experience he mentions in the passage which at the

<sup>39</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.3.

<sup>40</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.22 (=28.ii.2).

<sup>41</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.26 (=28.ii.6).

<sup>42</sup>*Ib.*

<sup>43</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.29 (=28.ii.9).

<sup>44</sup>*Carm.* 3.9; *Epod.* 17; *Serm.* 2.1, 3-5, 7-8.

<sup>45</sup>*Carm.* 2.6.21-24.

<sup>46</sup>*Carm.* 2.17.27-28.

<sup>47</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.22 (=28.ii.2).

<sup>48</sup>*Carm.* 1.28.25 (=28.ii.5).

<sup>49</sup>*Carm.* 2.13, 2.17.27-32, 3.4-27, 3.8.1-16.

outset I took as my text<sup>50</sup>; in two other passages, at some length<sup>51</sup>; in another, where he mentions simply his weariness of soldiering<sup>52</sup>; and in a fifth, where he mentions that he had been a tribune, and that some persons had felt quite properly that he did not deserve so high a military rank<sup>53</sup>. Surely not a very constant harping upon what must have an intensely thrilling series of experiences!

Now, when we look for other allusions to Horace's escape from drowning, in addition to the three which have already been discussed<sup>54</sup>, we do find them, though they are in somewhat veiled language. When Galatea is about to start upon a voyage, he prays that fair omens attend her; yet adds,

'But thou seest with what disquietude the setting Orion quivers. I from my own experience have learned what the black bosom of the Adriatic means, and what wrong the wind Iapyx, clearing though he be, commits'.

This can mean only that Horace says that he personally has been in peril of the sea while voyaging upon the Adriatic; and we may note that here, as in *Carmina* 1.28, he refers to setting Orion—here *pronus*, there *deventus*. But the allusion to Iapyx as the wind active in the matter shows that we cannot lay much stress on the mention of Notus and Eurus in the other Ode; for Iapyx is the West-northwest wind.

Further, we may note that Horace always speaks of the Adriatic as a rough and stormy sea, except in one passage, where he mentions it as the scene of the Battle of Actium<sup>55</sup>; witness the two passages already discussed<sup>57</sup>, and the following:

... the rage of Notus, than whom there is no greater master of the Adriatic, whether he will stir up or smooth the waters<sup>58</sup>.

... destroy my slanderous verses in any way thou wilt; feed them to the fire, or cast them into the Adriatic sea<sup>59</sup>.

'E'en me myself, when a love of better station sought me, did Myrtale—now freed, but once a slave—hold fast in pleasing fetters, Myrtale more violent of mood than the billows of the Adriatic as they hollow out Calabria's curving bays<sup>60</sup>.

'Quintius Hirpinus, forbear to seek what plans the warlike Spaniard makes, and the Scythian, parted from us by the interposing of the Adriatic. . . .<sup>61</sup>

'In vain shall we avoid the blood-stained God of War, and hoarse-voiced Adriatic's crashing breakers'; none may escape death<sup>62</sup>.

'The righteous man who is firm in his intent neither the base orders of an inflamed mob, nor the expression of the threatening tyrant shakes from his fixed determination, nor Auster, the restless Adriatic's boisterous lord, nor Jove's great hand, wielding the thunderbolt; although the world be shattered and fall upon his head, its downfall, smiting him, will leave him unafraid<sup>63</sup>.

'Though he is fairer than a star, and thou art lighter than cork and hotter of temper than the vicious Adriatic, with thee I'd love to live, with thee I'd gladly die<sup>64</sup>.

Horace's attitude toward the Adriatic is, therefore, entirely uniform; but you may be wondering why, if Horace was wrecked on the Adriatic coast of Italy, he actually said, in the passage first quoted in this paper<sup>65</sup>, that it was Palinurus with its waves from Sicily which failed, by a narrow margin, to destroy him. For Palinurus is the well-known promontory on the West coast of Lucania, where Aeneas's pilot swam ashore only to be murdered by the savage natives. The answer is that Palinurus was the only Italian promontory of literary associations as to loss of life in shipwreck; there was no other cape whose name would automatically suggest to the mind the idea which Horace wished instantaneously to evoke. And the poet must not be bound too closely to facts.

Possibly, also, a bit of veiled evidence, worthless by itself, but yielding its mite to the cumulative whole, may be obtained from the Ode to Pyrrha<sup>66</sup>. Horace asks the flirtatious maiden what youth is now wooing her—ah, how he will rue his infatuation when he discovers how lightly she will cast him off for another; he, Horace, has luckily escaped unscathed. This last idea he thus expresses:

'As for me, the temple wall with votive painting shows that I have dedicated my dripping garments to the mighty sea-divinity'.

It was a custom for one in danger of losing his life in a shipwreck to vow to a god, most often to Neptune, some gift as a thank-offering in event of his escape. Along with this gift he might present a painting of the scene, with the ship sinking and himself being helped to the shore by the active intervention of the god. The words *potenti maris deo* may mean not merely 'to the mighty god of the sea', Neptune, but 'to the mighty goddess of the sea', Venus, who was fabled to have sprung from the foam of the sea; the passage is intended to convey the idea that Horace has escaped disaster in love, and that in thankfulness he has figuratively made a dedication of love for her kindness in allowing him to escape. Yet, what is in point for my argument, such a phrasing of the idea might most naturally come to one who had passed through the experience of marine shipwreck and had escaped and made suitable votive offerings.

The same idea recurs in a later Ode<sup>67</sup>, but in attenuated form:

'Till recently I was well fitted for the wars, and earned some fame in service; now my arms and lyre, their warlike duties done, shall hang upon this wall which guards the left-hand side of sea-born Venus's statue'.

At any rate, after Horace was once safe back in Italy in 41 B. C., he seems never again to have set foot on any craft more dangerous than a canal-boat. That was, of course, an experience not without its little thrills. It was on the journey to Brundisium; Horace and his companion had reached Forum Appii, whence they intended to make a night trip on the canal as far as

<sup>50</sup>Carm. 3.4.25-26.

<sup>51</sup>Carm. 2.6.7-8.

<sup>52</sup>Carm. 3.4.25-28, 2.6.7, 1.28.

<sup>53</sup>Epp. 1.18.63.

<sup>54</sup>Carm. 1.3.14-16.

<sup>55</sup>Carm. 1.33.13-16.

<sup>56</sup>Carm. 2.14.13-14.

<sup>57</sup>Carm. 3.9.21-24.

<sup>58</sup>Carm. 2.7.1-16; Epp. 2.2.46-52.

<sup>59</sup>Serm. 1.6.48-50.

<sup>60</sup>Carm. 3.27.16-20.

<sup>61</sup>Carm. 1.28, 3.27.17-20.

<sup>62</sup>Carm. 1.16.2-4.

<sup>63</sup>Carm. 2.11.1-4.

<sup>64</sup>Carm. 3.3.1-8.

<sup>65</sup>Carm. 3.4.25-28.

<sup>66</sup>Carm. 1.5.

<sup>67</sup>Carm. 3.26.1-6.

Feronia, much as we Philadelphians, when we go to Boston, take the steamer from New York to Fall River. At Forum Appii, says Horace,

'I declared war on my hunger, for the water was horrible, and I waited in no unruffled frame of mind for my feasting fellow-travelers. And now night was making ready to draw the shadows over the lands and to sprinkle the constellations on the sky; then the slave-boys began to wrangle with the boatmen, and the boatmen with the slave-boys: "Lay alongside here! You're taking on too many—the boat is overloaded! That's quite enough!'. While the fare was being taken up and the mule was being harnessed, a full hour passed. The gnats and frogs—swamp nuisances—drove sleep away, while two near-wine soaks, a boatman and a traveler, outsang each other to the girl they'd left behind them. At last the weary traveler dropped off to sleep; the lazy boatman tied the mule's traces to a rock and let it out to graze, then flung himself down on his back and snored. And now the day was dawning, when we saw that the boat was not in motion; nor did it start until one choleric passenger jumped out upon the bank and with a willow cudgel trimmed the mule's and boatman's—head and back. 'Twas nine o'clock, or somewhat later, when we landed at Feronia'<sup>68</sup>.

Yet despite his pontophobia—I must invent a word, since it cannot be called hydrophobia—Horace did once after this offer to go to sea. When Octavian was making ready for the final conflict with Antony, Horace thought that Maecenas, his patron, was intending to take an active part in the campaign, which, you will remember, was a naval one, and asks, if his patron goes, 'What will become of me, who find life pleasant only if thou live, a burden otherwise? Shall I, upon thy bidding, lead a life of leisure that is not sweet but in thy company, or shall I bear this toil of war with a spirit that befits not weakling men? I'll bear it, and stout-heartedly will follow thee through Alpine ridges and forbidding Caucasus, or to the farthest Western bay. Wouldst ask, how by my toil I may aid thine, I, no man of war and none too strong? If I attend thee, then the dread in which I am will be decreased; but separation strengthens fear. . . . Gladly will I serve through this and every war to win thy gratitude',

and not that Maecenas may enrich him, for 'thy generosity has already enriched me enough and more'<sup>69</sup>. But all through the poem we feel that Horace is shaking in his shoes from terror that his offer may be accepted, though he might have realized that on a serious fighting campaign he would have been an encumbrance rather than a help. One may note that he did not give the only reasonable excuse for his presence amid the fighting, namely the immortalization in verse of heroic exploits performed under his eyes.

Pray do not think that I am speaking in depreciation of good old Horace; we may poke a little fun at our friends' follies and foibles, and not give offense, if our friendship is close enough. It is because I feel, rightly or wrongly, such a sense of intimacy with our poet through much reading of his writings, that I feel privileged, again rightly or wrongly, to speak of him with a little levity which is meant only in a kindly spirit. Horace himself would have been the last to take

himself too seriously, or to think of himself as cast in an heroic mold. So we may say of him that he did not like water either in the sea or out of it, unless it was murmuring a lullaby in a prattling brook or had been poured into an alcoholic beverage; and that with this attitude a narrow escape from drowning had something to do. I place this experience on the East coast of Italy, as he was returning under Octavian's amnesty in 41 B. C., and support this view by the passages already cited<sup>70</sup>.

'Many brave men lived and died before Agamemnon; but they are all buried in a long night of oblivion unwept and unknown, because they lack a sacred bard'<sup>71</sup>.

So, if Horace chose not to speak more explicitly of his personal adventures, they remain unknown, unless conjecture and imagination help us restore the picture. It is not merely the future which the god wittingly veils in dark and foggy night, and laughs if man *ultra fas trepidat*<sup>72</sup>. The past as well he veils in dark and foggy night; perhaps, too, he laughs if, in his conjecturing, man *ultra fas audet*.

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## REVIEWS

The Dramatic Values in Plautus. University of Pennsylvania Dissertation. By Wilton Wallace Blancké. Geneva, New York: Press of W. F. Humphrey (1918). Pp. 69.

At the Sixth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Philadelphia, May, 1912, Dr. Blancké presented a paper which he called Plautus as an Acting Dramatist. The paper was published in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 6.10-13, 18-20. The material seemed so useful and helpful that the reviewer included the article in the collateral reading of a class in Latin Comedy. It certainly proved an aid in securing more sympathetic and spirited translations.

The seedling has now matured into an inaugural. Dr. Blancké sets out to establish (17)

that Plautus regarded his adapted dramas merely as a rack on which to hang witticisms, merely as a medium for laugh-provoking sallies and situations.

His special equipment consists of a sensitive funnybone and unenforced courses in farce, burlesque and vaudeville, in addition to those of the Graduate School.

Dr. Blancké's views can be most succinctly and satisfactorily indicated by his catalogues on page 34. In the

Machinery characteristic <also> of the lower types of modern drama—farce, low comedy, musical comedy, burlesque shows, vaudeville and the like,

he notes:

A. Devices self-evident from the text. 1. Bombast and mock-heroics. 2. Horse-play and slap-sticks. 3. Burlesque, farce and extravagance of situation and

<sup>70</sup>Especially Carm. 3.4.25-28, 2.6.5-8, 3.27.17-20, 1.5.12-16; and the passages referring to the Adriatic.

<sup>71</sup>Carm. 4.9.25-28.

<sup>72</sup>Carm. 3.29.29-32.

<sup>68</sup>Serm. 1.5.7-23.

<sup>69</sup>Epod. 1.